The Woman to the PLOVV;

And the Man to the HEN-ROOST;

OR,

A fine way to cure a Cot-quean.

The Tune is, I have for all good Wives a Song,

BOth Men and Women listen well
a merry Jest I will you tell,
Betwixt a Good-man and a Wife,
Who fell the other day at strife,
He chid her for her Huswifery,
And she found fault as well as he.

With him for's work without the doors,
Quoth he, a person all such whores,
Sith you and I cannot agree, (the
Let's change our work content quoth
My wheel and Distaff here take thou,
And I will drive the Cart and Plow.

This was concluded twixt them both,
To Cart and Plow the good-wife goeth,
The good-man he at home doth tarry,
To see that nothing doth miscarry,
An apron he before him put.
Judge, was not this a handsome Slut,

He skets the Milk he makes the Cheese
He grapes the Pens, the Turks & Geese,
He Brews & Bakes as well as he can,
But not as it should be done, poor man.
As he did make his Cheese one day,
Two pigs their helps brake with whey
Nothing that he in hand did take,
Did come to good once he did bake,
And burn'd the Bread as black as a Clock
Another time he went to rock
The Cradle, and threw the Child o'th floor,
And broke his Nose, and hurt it sore.

He went to Milk one evening tide,
A skittish Cow on the wrong side,
His pail was full of Milk, God wot,
She kicked and split it every jot,
Besides she hit him a blow o'th face,
Which was scant whol in six weeks space

Thus was he serv'd, and yet no well.
And more mischances yet befell,
Before his Apron he'd leave off,
Though all his Neighbors did him scoff,
Now list and mark one pretty jest,
'Twill make you laugh above all the rest.

As he to Churn his Butter went,
One morning with a good intent,
The Cot-quean sad did surely dream,
For he had quite forgot the Cream,
He churn'd all day, with all his might.
And yet he could get no Butter at night,

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The ſecond part, to the ſame tune.

TWere ſtrange indeed for me to utter
that without Cream he ſhould make
Now having ſhewd his Huſwifery,(butter
Who did all things thus unkwardly,
Unto the Good-wife ile turn my Rime.
And tell you how ſhe ſpent her time.

She daily us'd to drive the Plow,
But to do't well ſhe knew not how,
She made ſo many bank ſ'th ground'
He had been better have given five pound
That ſhe had never tan't in hand,
So finely ſhe had ſpoild his Land.

As ſhe did ſow the ſeed likewiſe,
She made a feaſt for Crows and Pies,
She threw a handful at a place,
And left all bare another ſpace,
At th' Harrow ſhe could not rule her Mare
But did one Land and left two bare.

And ſhortly after on a day,
As ſhe came home with a load of Hay,
She overthrew it, nay and worſe
She broke the Cart, and kild a Horſe,
The good-man the ſame time had ill luck,
He let in the Sow,and ſhe kill'd a Duck.

And being grieved at his heart,
For loſſe on's Duck his Horſe and Cart.
And many hurts on both ſides done,
His eyes did with ſalt water run,
O now, quoth he full well I ſee,
The Wheel's for her,the Plow for me.

I thee intreat quoth her good Wife,
To take thy charge, and all my life,
Ile never meddle with Huſwivery more,
Nor find ſuch faults as I did before,
Give me the Car-whip and the Flaile,
Take thou the Churn and Milking-pail

The good-Wife ſhe was well content,
And about her Huſwivery ſhe went,
He to Hedging and to Ditching,
Reaping, Mowing, Laving, Pitching,
He would be twatling ſtill before,
But after he nere twatled more.

I wiſh all Wives that troubled be.
With Hoſe and Dublet, Huſwivery,
To ſerve them as this Woman did,
Then may they work and nere be chid,
Though ſhe i'th interim had ſome loſſe,
Thereby ſhe was eaſ'd of a croſſe,

Take heed of this you Husbandmen,
Let Wives alone,to grope the Hen,
And meddle you with the Horſe and Ore
And keep your Lambs from Wolfe & For
So ſhall you live contented lives,
And take ſweet pleaſure in your wives

FINIS. M.P.

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